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VOL. LVIII.

No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1892.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-eighth Volume with the number for October, 1892. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVIII. NOVEMBER, 1892. No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT. JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS. RICHARD C. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

THE FIRST TERM.

WE return to New Haven in September in either one of two minds. The ingredients of one state are a desire to see "everybody" again, a longing to be in the familiar places, to sit on the fence and walk around on the two-stoned campus walks once more. We wonder whether New Haven has changed much since we were here such a long time ago, as it seems now, and we are greatly surprised to find that it has not changed at all—not that there is any particular reason why it should, but we feel that while we have been across oceans or continents perhaps, and have arrayed ourselves in the productions of Bond Street tailors and have had our ideas enlarged, and in any case have been leading an altogether different sort of life, *something* must have changed in our old abiding place. It is with a mental triumphant shout that we step off the train and give our checks to the solicitously friendly hackman, who is anxious to know if we have had a good time this vacation. Three familiar figures with whips and heavy coats greet us on the corner in front of Osborn Hall: the same obsequious old-clothes man is lurking for

us at the entrance to the campus; the same sweeps, grown fat with respite from toil, bustle about the entries clad in garments that strongly remind us of our friends in ninety-two. And when at last we have reached our old rooms again it is with a peculiar pleasure that we seat ourselves in the well-worn arm-chair and look about on all the familiar belongings left hurriedly scattered about, as the sweep has considerably allowed them to remain, that are waiting for us like old friends just as if we had not been hundreds or thousands of miles away, as the case may be.

If we happen to be in the other condition we are not quite so anxious to return. We do not enjoy being bound down to times and seasons and the charm of an idle summer existence recurs to our minds with a curious persistency now that it is fast fading in the distance. The value of sleeping late in the morning grows very important, like many other things, when it also grows impossible. College life somehow does not appeal to us as it once did. We find ourselves recalling morosely various walks on the beach or drives in pleasant country roads and for the first week or two of term a longing possesses us to be back among such scenes and with such companions. Bachelor company assumes a new and unprofitable aspect that it never had before.

But this latter condition is much less prevalent. Nearly everyone is glad to reach New Haven again. He to whom the first term brings the first taste of that oft-quoted "Senioric dignity," feels even now a touch of soberness when he thinks of the question, very interesting to him at least, of where he will be a year hence and what he probably will be doing. He begins to realize that he is entering upon that period of "last" things. His last foot ball games as an undergraduate are approaching, his last Promenade and all the little annual events with which our college year is crowded. They are the landmarks that measure the passing of our college days and when we remember as they follow one another, that they will never return to us in our present capacity they serve to remind us more than anything else that graduation, a ceremony we

have always put aside as a remote contingency, is fast becoming a moderately certain reality to most of us.

But a celebrated writer has remarked that there is nothing so ridiculous as the spectacle of a man taking himself too seriously. Perhaps we are doing so. Certainly the increased soberness of Senior year is not particularly apparent in outward behavior, and the feeling of a Senior are not so very different from his feelings as a Freshman.

It is rather curious how soon and how easily we settle down into the old manner of life, dropping into it again just where we stepped out these three months ago. After we have been here for a few days it seems as if we had never been away. The autumn term brings a rather busy life. It is a question worthy of consideration whether there are not at any time too many outside matters in college life for our best interests. In American universities there is none of that old studious spirit that is found in older institutions. Of course it is best for a great many reasons that there should be many things in college beside the work of the curriculum—study has little to do with the real college life that is so dear to us—but there certainly are many men who would like to give more time and thought to their books and who cannot do so because of the press of outside work. This outside work may be very beneficial in its way, but we are too prone to make it the end and not take it by the way. And there is a charm too, in that love of learning for learning's sake that has drawn men irresistibly in all ages to peaceful cloisters and quiet retreats.

But in spite of the work that must be done—the getting settled in new lines of study and in new rooms, the marching in political processions, the class meetings, the gathering of subscriptions from Freshmen—we find time for many walks and drives and talks. Surely the autumn is the walking season. It seems to me that poets have overrated the attractions of spring. In these autumn days it is very delightful indeed to get out into the open country where one can feel the breath of the cool winds bringing pleasant odors from fields and woods and perhaps a snatch

of salt air from the marshes along the shore or from the stretches of the Atlantic beyond. In the clear autumn air outlines are sharpened and objects take on finer and more distinct shapes, and as we stride along crunching the dead leaves and twigs beneath our feet, the world seems a very pleasant place after all. And when we come back in the twilight and see the lights of the colleges twinkling cheerfully across the Green we really are conscious of no unpleasant feelings except a tremendous appetite for supper and a lurking knowledge that we have that recitation to prepare before bedtime.

Then there are those talks on the window seat when the street lights are beginning to appear and one is more disposed to confidences than in the more glaring daytime. Such conversations are more prized than ever when you remember that before this time next year the man whose pipe glows in the darkness beside you will be working in a Tacoma lumber company while you will be grinding in a law or medical school in New York or adding up figures under the incandescent light of an "office" in some other eastern city.

During the first term time seems to slip away faster than usual and before we realize it the great games are over, our little metropolitan sojourn at Thanksgiving is ended and we have begun to study for examinations and to wish that we had studied harder in the past months. Our great comfort in this ordeal is the thought of the good times that come afterward, and when at last we take our seats in the homeward-bound train, fears of conditions are lost in visions of plum-puddings and crackling logs and welcoming faces. We think of the drives and walks we will take once more and the new year dances we will go to, and if there is some one in particular who will sit up with us before the fire to see the old year out what happier beginning of the new year could we desire?

Francis Parsons.

DeForest Prize Oration:**THE REACTION OF INDIA UPON ENGLAND.**

WILLIAM JAMES HUTCHINS, Los Angeles, California.

INDIA has always exerted a magic influence over the thought and life of Europe. Inspired by her mysterious glories, Alexander pressed through her lofty mountain gates and won the name, World-conqueror. A dream of India immortalized Columbus and gave another world to Europe. Seeking a water route to India, De Gama passed the Southern Cape and reached her shores, while Cabot's searching eye descried the bleaker coast of a nobler continent.

But no more the goal of solitary sailor, the vision of ambitious warrior, or the earthly Aidenne of European imagination, India has long been linked in life and politics with Europe's greatest people.

Pregnant of good and evil to India have been the centuries which have transformed the resort of a few adventurers into the most important dependency of the English crown. Anarchy has fled before the British rulers; invasions of robber tribes have ceased; the thug no longer counts his murdered victim a passport into heaven, nor does the Hindoo widow now strive for immortality amid the flames of her husband's funeral pyre. While still the Brahmin dreads the Sudra's shadow and the stoic Buddhist seeks Nirvana, "That sinless, stirless rest, that change which never changes;" while at the summons of the mosque the Moslem still bows his head toward Mecca; yet England is gradually drawing India into the "full current of European civilization," and perchance, as Sir Edwin Arnold believes, India shall in the far future become "a republic with England as her friend and ally."

But has India had no reflex action upon England? Rome was mistress of the world, yet Rome was conquered by her northern subjects. And can England with

her thirty millions rule India with her two hundred and seventy millions; can a tiny islet hold sway over a territory large as all Europe save Russia, and still preserve uninfluenced its island life? Truly says a recent English writer, "The Indian question and the colonial question bring the whole of modern history in their train." Both England's international policy and her life as a people have been modified, even largely moulded by her relations with far-off India.

And glancing now at her international policy: In the intercourse, first, of England with France, do we find India seriously complicating the intricate network of European politics. All through the wars of the eighteenth century between these Channel-divided rivals, the struggle was embittered by their conflicting claims in India. Clive and Dupleix were watched with eager solicitude by both nations, and were reënforced by the ill-spared troops of Europe. Though at last the British proved the masters, yet the French conquest of India still lingered, a possibility, an ambition in the mind of France.

After weary waiting Napoleon seemed about to actualize the dream of a half century. The little Corsican upstart, returned in triumph from his Italian campaign, haunted by the memory of Alexander, is already pondering a world-empire. Soon we see him setting sail for Egypt, his entire armament moving like one mighty mechanism. He eludes the watchful eye of Nelson and casts anchor in the harbor of Alexandria. The wonder-working visionary aims to make Egypt his base of operations and thence strike a fatal blow at England's empire in the East. But Britain's greatest admiral, backed by all of Britain's power, is bent on baffling him. The battle of the Nile ensues. Then follow Napoleon's disastrous expedition to Syria and that final struggle, in which the French, bereft of leader, meet their long foreshadowed ruin. The hopes of French supremacy in India lie buried with the dead in Syria and Egypt, or perish as the remnant of a noble army returns to France on the vessels of

victorious England. India still bows her neck to the British yoke.

After a slumber of thirty years, the spectre of French rivalry in the Orient again startles English diplomats, when Charles X, the poor old Bourbon, seeks by an Algerian expedition to restore his tottering throne. Algeria, Egypt, India,—a significant trio. Nor are England's fears dispelled, until the Citizen king pledges his state to confine her aggressions to Algerian territory.

France has not forgotten her long lost supremacy in India, yet with the lapse of years her bitter antagonism has diminished. France has withdrawn from the struggle. England now confronts another rival, more powerful, more persistent. Russia, since the days of Peter the Great, has consistently striven to destroy the autonomy of Turkey and secure the mastery of the Mediterranean. But should she attain her design, England would hold India by a treacherous tenure. And so, amid all her vacillations in diplomacy, England aims to maintain the integrity of Turkey, and Russia replies by spreading her war-clouds over the Indian frontier. Sad have been the results to England's honor. Why did she not earlier aid the patriot revolution in Greece? Why did she utter no word in condemnation, until the Turk and his allies had desolated the islands of the *Ægean*, and made of the Morea a desert? The weakening of the Sultan's power would tempt the Russian to the Bosphorus and threaten England's empire in the Orient.

Through fear of Russian supremacy in the Levant, England enters the deadly war of the Crimea. One hundred thousand allied British and French perish in the hospitals of Scutari, or lie slain upon the fields of Inkermann, Balaclava and Sebastopol. The noble self-sacrifice of Florence Nightingale, the desperate courage of the English soldier in the trenches, the heroism of the gallant Six Hundred of the Light Brigade, but throw into sadder relief the lavish waste of resources, the suffering of starving soldiers, the ghastly loss of life. While Russia was exhausted by the war, and even now the Bosphorus

eludes her grasp, yet the Russian flag again floats over the restored fortress of Sebastopol, Turkey is still in danger, India still an uncertain possession.

And not alone in Europe has India embarrassed England's foreign policy. The hills and deserts of Afghanistan have been the arena of two of her most disgraceful wars. Each war was inspired by fear of Russia, inaugurated with English presumption, continued with English persistency, and ended only after the loss of millions of English money and thousands of precious English lives. But the slaughter of Khooda Cabul Pass and the Death March of '79 are the natural concomitants of British empire in Asia.

As we turn to China, we find in 1842 Anglo-Indian vessels, laden with opium, smuggling the deadly drug into the country. The Emperor, believing the English residents in his realm to be accomplices, threatens, and in part executes, his vengeance upon them. England, who has long profited by the illicit traffic, immediately declares war on China. The puppet fortresses fall, the untutored armies melt away before Western discipline. England now unhindered plies her opium trade, unscrupulously pours her ill-gotten gains into her national coffers and has added another page of crime to her history, unwritten, had not India proved the nurse of English avarice.

And finally, England's recent career in Egypt has been the direct result of her relations with India. Egypt, heir to an enormous debt and an inefficient government, seeks the advice of her Western neighbor. With Protean skill, speedily the counsellor becomes the dominant power, the dominant power the protector, the protector the armed despot. A counterpoise to Russia, and the guardian of the vital artery of British-Indian commerce, England still maintains her Egyptian supremacy. Her arrogance excites the hostility of Continental Europe, has enticed her into the disastrous war of the Soudan and has entangled her almost inextricably in the affairs of Egypt.

Such in brief has been the influence of India upon the international policy of England. While increasing her domains and her seeming glory, India has been to England in her foreign relations an almost unmitigated curse.

Not only has England's international policy been thus largely controlled by her Asiatic possessions, but the national and individual life of the English people has profoundly felt the influence of India.

Relying upon the wealth and power of his Anglo-Indian minions, George III dared to subvert the constitution. And much of the Parliamentary corruption of a century ago was due to that immense bribery fund, secured by rifling the treasure-houses of British India.

Sir Francis could write a friend in India, "Lay aside forty thousand rupees for a seat in Parliament;" Cowper could justly remonstrate with the purse-proud nabob :

"Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East,—
A despot, big with power obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth,
And, having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee
To tempt the poor to sell themselves to thee?"

But on the other hand for a hundred years, Parliament has devoted a daily increasing share of its time and talent to India. The problem of governing people, separated by half the world, composed of heterogeneous elements, possessing customs, religions and characters alien to western ideas, has, both in and out of Parliament, busied England's greatest statesmen. While India means to England an annual revenue of sixty-five million pounds, it has still been proved that she is not a "profitable investment." "It has been proved that she "does not increase Britain's security or power, but does increase her responsibilities and dangers." Thus has Parliament come to apply that principle, taught to kings at Runnymede, Whitehall and Yorktown; and England now rules, not for her own aggrandizement alone, but for the well-being of her Indian subjects. And with this improvement in methods of government, India has instructed Parliament

in the elements of a broader Political Economy, a Political Economy no longer confined to the problem of petty England. And in finance, she has afforded a terrible yet needed warning against the dangers of an unsound currency.

While India has thus ennobled England's principles of national legislation, she has also moulded numberless individual lives. What a field has she offered to English sagacity and courage. Clive, Wellesley, Lawrence, Havelock, are names the whole world delights to honor. And dear old Col. Newcome, the loving, guileless, gallant gentleman, is but the type of thousands, men of modest fame, who on India's soil, have devoted to her interests their choicest years. Thackeray too reminds us that "scarce a soldier goes to yonder shores, but leaves a home and grief in it behind him." And in truth there is scarce a household in all England but has its name upon the civil list or army roll, or above an exile's grave in India. We need not mention those, who, like the poor, patient, humorous, affectionate Lamb, have in England toiled in India's service. The very word, India, flushes many an English cheek with pride and fills many an English eye with tears. India has tingled English life with a kind of romance and pathos.

Moreover, in the sphere of thought and culture, we find that India has revealed to England and the world, a literature, vigorous in its style, vivid in its imagery, charming in its description, impressive in its significance. The linguist unlocks the Vedas and tells us of the childhood of the race. The philologist discovers in the Sanskrit the long-hidden source of Indo-European tongues. The historian now adds crucial scenes hitherto missed from the drama of the world's life. The philosopher reads the dreams of his prototype on the plains of Central Asia. The theologian points to the "henotheism" of the Vedas, and shows us that God has never left himself without witness in the world. And England's own literature has come to feel and to reflect in part the charm of Indian thought and history.

Nor has the gloomy, introspective philosophy of India been without its effect upon the aggressive mind of England. That "world-weariness," which Byron so sadly sings :

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be,"

is but the experience of many English hearts. And to such hearts Buddha finds ready access. His lofty pessimism, which comforts the mother of a dead child :

"Thou knowest the whole world weeps with thy woe,"
his self-wrought holiness, his atheism, all appeal to spirits, sick of dogmas.

Theosophy, that strange conglomeration of truth and mummery, is largely derived from Indian philosophy and theology. While claiming to cull the choicest truths from every creed, it loses itself in a labyrinth of words and symbols. But, addressing as it does, the love of the supernatural and the yearning after higher realities, it has charmed not merely brilliant, restless Mrs. Besant, but hundreds of others into a willing, enthusiastic submission to its tenets.

Thus has India, once uncared-for, unthought-of; woven itself into the very fabric of English life and history.

She has complicated the relations of England and France, yet she has given to England a Clive, and the victories of Plassey and the Nile. She has embittered England's intercourse with Russia, but she has permitted the career of a Florence Nightingale and the charge of Balaclava. She has written the dark pages of the Chinese and Afghan invasions, yet also the pages that tell of the noble courage which quelled the Sepoy Rebellion. She has stained the Soudan with English blood, yet she has made possible the gallantry and martyrdom of a Gordon. At times she has corrupted Parliament and the Crown, yet she has improved England's principles of government. While increasing English egotism, she has broadened English sympathies. While opening to England new worlds of thought, she has also fostered fatal heresies.

ROSAMONDE.

Deep within a garden-close
 Where the eglantine and rose
 Riot unrestrainedly
 From all bonds and trammels free,
 By a river's balmy side
 Mirrored in its limpid tide
 Wrapped in deepest revery
 Dwells my lady dreamfully.

Wafted on the fragrant air,
 Eerie shadows linger there :—
 Linger, deepen, lower and fall
 At the daylight's funeral.
 And the red moon gaunt and grim
 Cleaves the vague horizon's rim,

Weaving in the wizard mist.
 Silver threads and amethyst.
 Speedily the faint stars fade,
 But my lady undismayed
 With wide eyes and wond'rous face
 Waits beside the trysting place.

Lady mine, the walls are steep,
 Round about thy storied keep,
 And the grim moats gape and frown
 Yet they shall not drag me down.

Lady dear, the night is late.
 O'er thine ancient vast estate
 There is never path that goes—
 I shall seek the garden-close.

And its depths I'll surely find
 Tho' the way be ne'er so blind,
 And the bleak wall higher yet,
 Reared each bristling parapet.

Then that meeting shall repay,
 Each interminable day,
 Weary wait and dauntless fight
 Thro' the long, relentless night,
 Lost in dreamless ecstasy
 Deep within that garden fair
 We shall dwell forever there.
 Dwell together joyously.

R. H. Worthington.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE has met with the misfortune which comes to every son of a great man who is not himself equally great, to be dwarfed by his father's fame, and regarded as smaller than he really is. He is overshadowed, and little noticed, and almost unread. Yet he has qualities, which, had he not had the hindrance of a distinguished father, might have given him some considerable fame.

There is always a peculiar charm about his poetry arising from the intimate revelations of his own personality which he gives the reader. It was said of him that "among his friends we must count men, women and children of every rank, and of every age," and the beauty of his nature, so irresistibly attractive in life, shines forth as clearly, now that he is dead, in his poetry. He opened his heart to the world without reserve and let others see his whole self. We do not need to know his life to know him or to understand his poems, for they declare his nature and the story of his life plainly enough. They give, to be sure, no biographic detail, but of this we have little anywhere. A sad little biography it was—the careless, happy school years, the Oxford life, with its lofty aspirations and ambitions, its crushing disappointment in the triple failure in the Prize Poem Contest, the loss of all hope, and the beginning of the habit of intemperance, the curse of his whole life, the few years of irresolute, half-hearted literary work in London, where the frail spirit could not long endure the city's strife, then the return to the beloved Lakes, and then—nothing, except some years of teaching and a little desultory writing, with much wandering in the hills and by the white Rydal water, until the end, after fifty-three years. A handful of poems, a few essays, a volume of biographies, were the scanty fruits of the life of a man gifted far beyond other men. All in all, it was a rather sorrowful, empty life.

But strangely enough no one knew this better than Hartley himself. His poems present to us a man conscious

of his great powers, of an unworthy use of them, and of consequent failure, who said "I have lost the race I never ran," and was haunted day and night by "the spectres manifold of murdered hours," yet was strangely, consciously unable, because of that fearful inherited impotence of will, to turn from evil and do good, to do more than "weakly mourn." He poured out in his poems this grief for his shortcomings, this unavailing remorse, and more than this, his touching, unwavering hope for final forgiveness through God in whom he trusted firmly, his disappointed longings and ambitions, his unsuccessful loves, everything else which was in his heart, with uncommon delicacy of sentiment and beauty of expression.

The characteristic of Hartley's poetry is thus its subjectivity. It is intensely personal, and in a peculiar way, for each poem describes not only a single phase of his mind, but also his mind and character viewed as a whole. You may call him an egotist for so much talking about himself, but his egotism sits lightly upon him and is never offensive. Indeed, it would seem that he was urged to talk about himself not by egotism, but by a deeper inward impulse, that his tendency toward and power for self description were caused by a certain dreaminess of disposition and inapprehensiveness of reality, which always characterized him. He seemed unable to realize the outer world, and to bring himself down to the hard facts of external life. Everything except what was in his own mind was in a measure unreal, imaginary to him. So, without power to grasp firmly anything without himself, he turned perforce inward upon himself as a subject. He was a theme sufficient unto himself, and wrote of little else.

The series of sonnets with which his earliest and best work began is almost entirely on himself. There is something in the sonnet, too short and artificial as it is for the complete working out of a great, intense passion, yet long enough for the exhibition of a single mood or the presentation of a single thought, which particularly adapts it to this self-descriptive poetry. Moreover, for the same reason it was peculiarly suited to Hartley, who never had

enough will and constancy of purpose to carry out any great plan, but was always doing little things by the way.

The poet who succeeds in the sonnet is fortunate in that his name is linked with some of the greatest in literature, for many have attempted it, but few, and they usually the greatest, have succeeded. Hartley, however, was successful. His sonnets in music and rhythm sometimes come near Shakespeare's. They are like Shakespeare's too, though of course at an immeasurable distance, in their mixture of pathos and imaginative subtlety, in their intense personality, in their expressions of desponding love, self reproach and regrets for past life. The following sonnet is one of Hartley's best and most characteristic.

"Long time a child, and still a child when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die ;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran :
A rathe December blights my lagging May ;
And still I am a child, though I be old,
Time is my debtor for my years untold."

The fertile fancy which is exhibited in this sonnet finds many manifestations in Hartley's poems. It was always at work, peopling his poems with beautiful forms and wonderful phantasies which could come only from the mind of a true poet. It is this imaginative element which keeps his poetry from sinking to the level of prose, a danger into which greater poets than he have sometimes fallen. His fancy, though not capable of very long or very high flights, never descended to earth. He was supremely a poet. Indeed how could the son of him who was called "in all his moods a poet," a son whose birth had been ushered in by sonnets and all fair auguries, whose very infant cries had been hushed with listenings to the nightingale's song under the yellow moonlight, whose conversation from his youth

up had been with his father, Southey, and Wordsworth, all great poets, be other than a poet?

That he was so entirely a poet was the reason why, though his life was many times the very antipodes of "plain living and high thinking," what a poet's life should be, yet his mind was ever full of beautiful thoughts, his imagination healthy and pure, his moral and spiritual sensibilities unblunted. He could associate with the lowest sorts in the village pot-houses and yet keep himself undefiled. And strange to say, of this fact he, acute analyst of his own being, was conscious:

"Oh tell them though my purpose lame
In fortune's race was still behind,
Though earthly blots my name defiled,
They ne'er abused my better mind."

No reader of Hartley's poems can fail to see that he was a close and loving observer of nature in all her moods. His father had said of him, a child of six years:

"—I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate."

Such he was, and much communion he held with nature's "visible forms." But he was a bare lover of "the sensuous and seductive, rather than the bare and abstract beauties of nature"—of her "fair beauty" rather than her awful majesty, of meadow and stream shining in the sun, of "the shadow of the white robed waterfall," of the "sunbeams dallying with the waves," rather than the "lonely hills" which Wordsworth so loved. It is as Mr. Bagehot happily says, "female beauty in wood and water," which was dearest to Hartley.

Hartley's love poems are a small part of his work. He was never successful in his love affairs, if indeed the moments of "dear delusion" in which he occasionally indulged can be called love affairs. All through his writings is breathed a spirit of reverence for all that is noble and beautiful in womanhood, but he never seems to have entertained any warmer feeling than reverence. He was never on intimate terms with women. He adored them

from afar, but being in love usually implies more than distant adoration. So his poems show no fiery, resistless passion, yet there are touching and beautiful traces of affectionate fancy. Over all hangs a quiet melancholy.

"It must be so,—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave,

Together must we dwell, my dream and I,—
Unknown must live, and unlamented die,
Rather than soil the lustre of that face,
Or drive that laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh,"

The melancholy which colors his love poems is predominant in all his poems. But we are told by his friends that however it might be with Hartley the poet, Hartley the man could hardly be said to have any predominant mood. He was grave and gay, lively and severe, all in one moment. His happy thoughts were suddenly darkened by anxious forebodings, his mournful meditations were quickly chased away by careless jests. And this same disposition is sometimes manifested in his poetry, especially when he is speaking of himself, in a whimsical, half serious, and often very touching humor, suddenly interrupting his melancholy thoughts.

What is perhaps most lacking in Hartley's poems is a powerful creative imagination. In imagination which illustrates and beautifies thought, his mind was rich. But he had not the power to conceive and carry out a plot of any magnitude. His one long poem, "Leonard and Susan," is feeble and hackneyed in plot, incident and character delineation. Not that Hartley was not an original, forceful thinker, for he has many fresh, striking thoughts, but, as was natural with a mind so occupied with itself, he lacked the constructive faculty.

Another fault the reader will find in these poems, that they are not long retained in the memory. They are not poems which, once read, continually haunt the mind, for they are not powerful enough for strong remembrance. Hartley's weakness of will seems to have entered into his

poetry, and made him deficient in power to impress his ideas on others. He does not insist strongly enough on his thoughts, and they rarely take firm hold on the mind.

But enough of fault finding. Hartley was assuredly no great poet, and made no claim to be great. "Poietes apoietes" was his self-given title. He had no message to deliver, no mission to fulfill. He wrote, without apology or comment, of himself, but this he did in poems marked by tender feeling, light and rich fancy, and rare and delicate grace and beauty, which, once read, will hold a sure place in the reader's affections, for they never fail to touch the heart. Better still, he has left in them an unfading picture of an irresistibly beautiful, though strange and contradictory character, whom everyone will delight to love.

Robert Hastings Nichols.

AFTER BURNS.

I've seen the birds aдоон the braes
 Their joyous luvе songs telling,
 I've heard, in twilight's mirky haze
 A hundred carols swelling,
 But Nature's voice tho' sweet it be
 Can never sound sae cheery
 As when thy sweet voice speaks to me,
 My ainly luvе, my dearie.

I've seen upon the loch's broad breast
 The stars sae softly sleeping,
 I've seen upon the breaker's crest
 The golden moonbeams leaping.
 But moon and stars, tho' bright they be,
 Ne'er shine sae soft and clearly,
 As thy bright een that beam on me
 My ainly luvе, my dearie.

Then here's to thee, my bonnie lass,
 Here's to thine een sae tender,
 Here's to thy form sae full of grace.
 May Heaven frae harm defend her!
 For thee I'll work baith day and night,
 I'll toil and ne'er grow weary,
 If but thy sweet face meets my sight.
 My ainly luvе, my dearie.

Edward B. Reed.

A FLAW IN THE THEORY.

. . . Multa petentibus
 Multa desunt: benest, cui deus obtulit
 Parca quod satis est manu.

Carmin. Hor. III, 16.

THE first chill of Autumn was in the air. The end of the long vacation was very near. As the Professor realized it, a shadow of the severe mask of the recitation room passed over his face; he struck more sharply at the nodding sprays of golden rod that rose ambitiously above the yellow masses fringing the path on either side. As he looked out from the hilltop over the sloping pastures, he sighed a little sadly. Below him, in the hollow, the road wound along the edge of the woods until it turned and passed over a log bridge into the shadow of the trees. A gray wisp of smoke curling up from a lonely hut near the bridge told him that Eben Clark was at home.

The thought of the unconscious resistance with which he had met in trying to adapt the character of the crippled shoemaker to his theory of rustic human nature brought a smile to the Professor's face. The Professor believed thoroughly that simple Jo Chalkhill knew not the people of whom he sang, when he praised

“the sweet contentment,
 The Countryman doth find;”

and notwithstanding all that poets and philosophers have written of the idyllic happiness of the shepherd and tiller of the soil, the peasant has no such temperament; contentment was in far greater measure the portion of those who had ascribed it to others; for they, by preaching, taught themselves the sweetness of the contented life and sought for it; how true, he thought, this was of Horace, and in later and homelier kind, of Izaak Walton; how well Whittier's words apply to himself:

“A guileless, simple, childlike man
 Content to live where life began.”

Eben Clark, optimist as he was with regard to his own narrow life, had unwittingly endorsed the Professor's theory. "Around here," he said, "Thanksgivin' praise services don't draw near as big crowds as Farmers' Alliance Meetin's." Once the Professor contrived to draw an admission from the shoemaker that the place might be more to his fancy were there a bull-head pond near by, where he could sit watching the end of his pole and idle away the long summer days, when children ran barefoot, and his friends, busy in the fields, seldom found time to visit the shop; but, he added, with a cheerfulness that dashed the Professor's guilty hopes, then it would probably not be healthy.

As he came up behind the shop, the Professor saw that Clark was not perched in his usual place on the low rail fence, awaiting the passing of the stage. He went to the window, and shading the cobweb-clouded glass with his hand, peered into the dingy little room. There were a number of men in the shop, sitting around on boxes and kegs, and watching with amused interest a strenuous tussle between a ten-year old country urchin and a clumsy, half-grown puppy, who were rolling over and over on the low pallet bed beneath the loft ladder. Clark, at his work-bench, looked up to the darkened window and beckoned toward the door.

This, thought the Professor as he turned away, was what Clark meant by saying that the cold weather was worth all his friends to him.

At the door, as he feared he would, the Professor met the visitors leaving in a body. He stood with Eben Clark in the doorway and watched them plodding up the gentle slope toward the pink glow of the coming sunset.

"Clark," asked the Professor, as if the question were an idle one, "why don't you move away from here into some city where you can make more money and see more of life? Good shoemakers are very few, and you are not too old to change."

"The money don't count," he answered, looking earnestly up into the Professor's face through his iron-rimmed

spectacles. "I am warm here, I have enough to eat and a place to sleep. I could get no more with money, there; but I have thought of it. There's lots to be learned in those big places, and things would be more handy perhaps for one who cannot get around much. But then, what friends would I have?" He swung himself out into the road on his crutches, and pointing to the shadow of the shop, stretching out across the pasture, continued: "Look at that shadow; it is nigh forty rod long, and yet the house is only a little thing. The soft light makes it. Living here is like living all the time in a light like this. Any man the least bit higher than what's around him throws a long shadow. The light is too strong for Eben in the city. He would not be anybody there. Here they call him the best shoemaker in the county."

The sunlight had faded away while he spoke, and the glow became deeper as he entered the shop again. The Professor stood looking absently down the road; he had forgotten his theory, and was quoting softly to himself:

"they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."

Lindsay Denison.



IN REMEMBRANCE.

The minstrel's dead, but through the vacant halls
There swells the softened echo of his song,
That, wrought in changing web of Time,
Gathers new glories as it runs along.

The tattered hangings rustle on the walls,
The gall'ries ring to many a manly tread,
That passes on, is gone; but still one hears
The living anthems of the silent dead.

Geo. F. Dominick, Jr.

TANNHÄUSER.

ALL legends are, in a certain sense, matters of history, and the further back we go the less clearly defined is the line which exists between the legendary and the historical, so closely interwoven are they in the minds, as well as in the annals of the people. To the man who loves these great old stories, and who sees in them more than the mere romance, it will always be a delight to make the facts of history conform to the legend, and so to prove that his heroes at least really lived, though they may never have performed all the wonderful deeds which tradition has credited to their shadowy existences. We refuse to surrender our belief in the fact that King Arthur used to feast with his knights at the round table, though he may never have heard of the holy Grail, and that St. George was once mighty in his prowess though he may never have seen a dragon.

Germany has perhaps more beautiful legends than any other country, and nowhere else are they so carefully cherished and handed down. There they almost form a part of the religion of the people, as well as of their lives.

Everyone has heard of the legend of Tannhäuser and how a knight of the middle ages, after long wanderings among strange lands, came at last to the mountain of Venus, and entering in remained there for many years a slave to the goddess of love. Finally, grown weary of his degraded existence, he prays to the Virgin to allow him to return to earth. His prayer is granted, and stepping into the sunlight once more, the pilgrim staff in his hand, he sets out to seek forgiveness for his sins, and safety for his soul. At Rome, before the footstool of Pope Urban, bending, the poor suppliant makes his prayer, but horrified at his confession the Pope raises his staff and says, "Sooner shall this put forth blossoms, then, Tannhäuser, shall thy sins be forgiven thee." Sadly the pilgrim departs, the hope-light of his life extinguished. What need for him to struggle more? He returns to the Venusberg,

goes back to his old life and is never heard of again. Three days after leaving Rome the staff of the Pope had blossomed and messengers had gone forth all over the world to find him, but he was never found.

The real poet *Tannhäuser* lived about the middle of the 13th century and opinions differ as to whether the legend is older than he or not, but certainly the name is associated with him, and from what we know of his life there seems to be no reason to disbelieve that the *Tannhäuser* of the legend, and the *Tannhäuser* of history, are one and the same. We first hear of him at the court of Frederick the Second in Austria, and there, enjoying many honors, and a favorite of the King, he led a merry life, until the death of his patron left him destitute, and sent him out into the world again. At the court of Otto II. he finds a home for several years, but this king dies also and the bard is adrift once more. After this he is never heard of again. In his writings he often mentions a pilgrimage which he had taken, to atone for his wicked life, and of how bitterly he repented his former sins. All hope must have left him, however, and he undoubtedly went back to the goddess, for after 1273 there is no trace of him anywhere.

His poems are bright and gay, and often very amusing, yet in his work he plainly shows the beginning of the decay which soon did away forever with the Minnesang. Love and women are always his themes and he speaks of both slightly and with bitter sarcasm. Can we not see in this the influence of the Venusberg? Always in debt, and in trouble, he seems to have been very unhappy, though he hides it as much as possible under his cynical gayety. History does not tell us of the miracle of the blossoming staff in connection with Pope Urban (who lived in the same year as the poet), but that can easily be accounted for when we consider how remorse must have torn the heart of that dignitary after his rash deed, and how unwilling he must have been that future ages should charge to him the destruction of the poor bard *Tannhäuser*.

There is a small hill near Eisenach which the peasants believe to be the Venusberg. "Why is it so?" you ask them. "I do not know, but our fathers have told us, and it has always been so." This surely should be proof enough for anyone, and here then, in the bowels of the earth, the goddess holds her court, and here are her victims bound fast forever in the chains of love.

G. L. Rathbone.

THE HOLIDAY EXPRESS.

THE platform was thronged with leave-takers and hurrying baggage men. A well-dressed elderly man, followed by a servant carrying the hand luggage, pushed leisurely through the crowd, and, after shaking hands with his attendant, entered the forward sleeping car of the New York and Chicago "limited." And so, he mused, he was of necessity on his way West at last, not to any of the larger cities, but to that distant, and to him somewhat hazy and undefined "far west" whose lack of culture and general savageness he had always delighted to ridicule and hold in contempt. Long accustomed to every luxury that a metropolitan civilization could offer, he would now be obliged to undergo the discomforts and annoyances of a state of society which, in his more palmy days, he had been pleased to call primitive and barbarian. And yet it was not the actual loss itself of his means which caused him the most regret, but the loss of his old life that from long habit had become so indispensable to him. No more mornings at cards or lolling in the Club windows, carelessly watching the never-ceasing stream of vehicles and people pouring up and down the thoroughfare, noticing, perhaps, among the throng the newest débutante or the last taking actress. No more strolls up the avenue with some boon companion, discussing club architecture or the water-color exhibition, and interspersing the conversation with the latest piquante bits of society gossip. And worst of all, no more evenings at Daly's with the preceding dinner at Delmonico's of mill-pond oysters and juicy woodcock, crowned by a bottle of Pontet Canet or St. Julien of '74.

With some such thoughts as these he listlessly gazed at the officious porter stowing away his hat-box and valise on the opposite seat, for he had taken a whole section. "This will probably be my last chance to travel," he had said to his old servant who had accompanied him to the railway station; "and I shall travel comfortably, as a gen-

tleman should." His chattels satisfactorily arranged, he glanced about to see if there were on board anyone whom he knew. No; the occupants of the car were all strangers. At any rate he need not be bored by the forced sympathy of some slight acquaintance. Yet perhaps never before had he so felt the need of real sympathy; with youth and fortune it was well enough to be alone; but now—the train swung uncomfortably around a curve and he put out his hand to steady himself. It fell on a newspaper carelessly left by one of the car servants. Glancing through the headings his eye fell on the words "Suicide of a prominent business man, his recent losses believed to have been the cause." For an instant a wild thought took possession of his mind, but for an instant only. Preposterous! He had always had a constitutional dislike of anything sensational, and suicide was such eminently bad form. He threw the paper down in disgust and turned toward the window. Outside the prospect was cheerless enough; patches of leafless woods and fields browned by the November frosts whirled by in endless succession, the monotony occasionally broken by a dusty cross road or a little country station. Weariedly he saw the afternoon drag on, and then the long winter twilight, with the growing darkness and the twinkling lights of the passing villages. An exclamation from the next section drew his attention for a moment, and he noticed that it was occupied by two school boys, evidently on their way home for the Christmas vacation. It brought vividly before his mind his own first vacation; the dreary Jersey plain resolved its dark masses into the outlines of the Massachusetts hills, and, in fancy, he was back once more in the old days, with the train speeding him to home and holidays.

In the locomotive the fireman was piling on the coal in great shovelfuls, and the machine was swinging along at a high speed, for the express was nearly half an hour behind-hand. The engineer, perched on his high seat at the right hand of the cab, was peering forward along the glimmering rails lit up by the headlight into the darkness beyond.

All at once he started back with a cry, driving shut the throttle and jerking wide open the air brake. Out of the gloom ahead had suddenly glared the two red lights at the rear end of a freight train.

“Poor old fellow,” remarked one of his former club mates, as he put down with a sigh a glass of the particularly good old Madeira his host had had in the cellar ever since the early fifties. “Oh, I don’t know,” replied the other; “when a man of his age goes to pieces, he might as well get smashed up in a wreck or something of the sort; saves him the trouble, you know, of doing something desperate or else living on his poor relations.”

Henry Lane Eno.

NOTABILIA.

THE fall term starts off with so many outside attractions that we are tempted to put in a word for Literature and Learning. Amidst such a varied life we are very liable to forget the chief aim for which we came to a great center of learning; and the lack of "scholarly atmosphere" is one of the most noticeable things connected with American Universities. Of course such a condition indicates immature development, and whether it is due to the country being comparatively new, or to the age being a practical one, or to the business-like spirit of Americans, it is certainly the duty of every student here to exert himself to the utmost—not for the sake of the books and letters in themselves, but for his own mind and character.

It is getting to be too much the custom here at Yale for the men who aim at high scholarship to neglect literary work. This is exactly the wrong course, for Learning and Literature ought to be closely allied. The best scholars are particularly likely to need a literary training, as students all know from the use of poorly written textbooks. But all ideas of use aside, there is something in the nature of Learning and Literature, and in the human mind itself, which makes it eminently fitting for both subjects to be closely studied together. There are some great literary geniuses like Coleridge who left college without taking his degree, but there are many, and perhaps the most who, like Tennyson, were scholars when in college. We are acquainted with the fact that some one has said that college life blunts diamonds and polishes common stones, and we think the statement entirely false. If a man has talent in any direction college is the place to bring it out and develop it, and in no department can this be done better than in writing. It is the object of the LIT. to promote a high standard of Literature, and with this purpose in view it wishes to encourage thought, and especially urges men to put as much original thought as possible into their writings.

* * *

L. A. W.

With the November number of the Lit. Saint Elihu ensconces himself in a local habitation. Various boards of editors in the past have endeavored to secure an office for the magazine but we take a modest pride in remarking that these are the first efforts that have met with success. *Hereafter the Editorial Rooms of the Lit. will be at 33 South Middle. All manuscripts are to be submitted at the above address and rejected contributions can be obtained there on the Monday after publication between the hours of half past one and three in the afternoon.*

PORTFOLIO.

THISTLEDRIFT.

Bright as the day is dawning
 Over the meadows brown,
 Light on the breath of morning
 Is wafted a thistledown.

With fabric so daintily moulded
 Hovering 'twixt earth and sky,
 On feathery wings outfolded
 Silently floating by.

In the golden sunlight gleaming
 Spreading its rays afar,
 In the hazy shadow seeming
 A pale ethereal star.

Now softly sinking lower,
 Down from its course o'erhead,
 To rest in the heart of a flower
 Poised on its silver thread.

Soft as the day is dying
 And the blackbirds homeward speed,
 And the night wind faintly sighing,
 The earth receives its seed.

T. F. D. JR.

[A FRAGMENT AFTER VIELLMONTEZ.]

—The soft snow flakes fall fast upon the little hut. Without, all is cold and sorrow, but within is heard the refrain of a song. The fire burns higher, and merry faces beam bright in its dancing light. Back in the corners the changing shadows nod and bow to one another. Good Lapere puts his tankard on the polished table. Now the song breaks out anew. Surely it is gay—the night-watch.

The great flakes are piling higher on the thatched roof. Around the smoking chimney is a ring where the grey straw peeps from out the melting snow. Seated at the side of his well-beloved, good Lapere smiles upon the happy children. Six months of night seems all too short for such night-watching.

The jealous wind whistles around the smoking chimney and covers the peeping straw with coverlets of dainty down. Lapere tells of the ghosts that ride on the wintry blast. Trembling, the eager group draw closer to the fire, casting fearful glances back into the corners where the changing shadows nod and bow to one another. Yet would they prolong the night-watch.

Down the streets of the hamlet sweeps the boisterous wind. The little hut is left once more to the fast falling snow flakes. The mother turns to her wheel; the father turns to his tankard. Two young lovers seek the changing shadows. And the children, forgetful of the witches that ride on the wintry blast, with song and game shorten the night-watch.

W. J. P.

—Strolling about old London, warmly wrapped in an ulster, an umbrella in one hand, a Baedecker in the other, a tourist was passing through the narrow streets of the East End. At length the tall shaft of a church looms up through the brown fog! "That must be St. Giles," says the traveler.

St. Giles in the Fields, three centuries ago, was an influential church. One can imagine how Martin Frobisher, the voyager, looked as he entered the building, amidst a great crowd, to give thanks for the happy issue of his expedition and his safe return from the Spanish Main. The parson is clothed in a long black cassock, for the congregation of St. Giles are austere Puritans and tolerated only the most studied plainness. The male portion are attired in short cloaks and wear tall peaked hats, the women are distinguished by the simplicity of their dress. All listen reverently to the good curate's discourse on the righteousness of exterminating the Spaniards, the enemies of God and Queen Bess. The service lasts for more than three hours, a not unusual thing for those simple stern Puritans.

Once again the bells peel forth merrily but this time for a marriage. A plain simple Puritan has succumbed to the charms of a prim little maid, although he afterward retrieved his defeat by leading Parliament victoriously against King Charles, convoked both Houses, and was invested with regal power and the name of protector. Every Sunday you would see Old Noll, as Cromwell's soldiers affectionately dubbed him,

whether in the leather business or performing the duties of Lord Protector, come to that church, his Bible in his hand and his trusty broadsword by his side.

In that pew yonder sits an old gray-haired man beside whom is a young girl, evidently his daughter. The father listens attentively to the parson's sermon and every now and then seems to strain his sightless eyes towards the pulpit as if perchance he could pierce the gloom that envelopes everything around him and see the world once more. A few years later he dictated "Paradise Lost" to his daughter.

Without the church are memories too. Across the green trimly-kept church yard is a stone bastion, that of the old Roman wall, as firm and invincible as ever, truly worthy of the city of the Lawgivers.

E. F. E.

—An Indian summer day on the Sound leaves a memory which lingers pleasantly in mind, and recalled in the bleakness of winter is like a breath from the tropics. There is a unity of impression stronger than amid a diversified landscape. Nothing but the deep blue and green of miles of moving water and the meeting azure sky. And over all a softening languorous haze, too indefinable for description. It is the masterpiece of Nature's autumn exhibition of color and design. One feels it caressing and warm, even when only looking away at the misty vagueness of horizon, and the mellowed tints of shore. The wind does not blow. It sighs with almost summer softness and the sunshine makes no sharply defined shadows. It comes rather as a warm glowing through the smokiness and haze.

I was leaning against the schooner's mast, unconsciously noting these effects, idle and thoughtless beneath the soothing witchery of it all. The bow slipped very slowly through the little swell, and after a while I noticed a speck on the water far ahead. After many minutes it was near and I saw that it was a water-logged "sharpie," floating all but submerged. The sun was nearly down and the air was growing grey and chill. There was a damp coldness in the wind, and all this seemed fitting accompaniment for the melancholy of this little wreck. The sodden sail was wrapped around the bottom, the mast was along side. There were oars floating beneath the seats, amid a tangle of fish lines which were fastened

to the gunwale as they had been set for use. A pair of long boots and an oil-skin coat were soaking in this confusion, all moving slowly with the lazy roll of the boat. The water gurgled and sobbed beneath the decks as she rose and fell. It was an ocean mystery, although on a small scale. Had some fisherman been capsized in a squall and drowned, caught beneath the sail? Perhaps he had tried to reach the shore or had been taken off. It was a mystery for which we could have only theories. The pathetic lonely token of disaster slowly passed astern and was swallowed up in the shadows of the evening.

R. D. P.

MY LADY'S SHADOW.

I.

Thou Shadow, O so dark, of her so fair,
 Oh hideous Shadow that dost even dare
 To mimic ev'ry action and to paint
 Her heavenly form upon the lifeless ground,
 In shapes of demons, not of angels crowned,
 Leave, Leave, I pray.

II.

Or stay behind, thou Shadow, dark as Death,
 There is thy place. Dance not at each wind's breath
 That wafts her tresses as a golden flag
 Which moves with wond'rous unity and grace.
 Begone, I say, or hie thee to thy place.
 Begone, I pray.

III.

Yet hideous, fickle Shade I envy thee
 She smiles upon thee there forgivingly,
 Nor deems it an offense. A coward thou
 That thou dost go with her by day and leave
 Her when 'tis dark. Thou dost betray, deceive.

Stay, Stay, I pray.

A. P. N.

—In the far away future, when the impossible has been brought to pass and perfected by Bellamy's civilization, that mouldy saying, "Solomon in all his glory," will give place to "the luxury of Americans." With a wise air some grey head will discourse of the ancient fortifications lining Broadway and speak of the remains of a heathenish sensuality visible in the floral display of the Boston Public Gardens. He will tell of the excavations of cities, buried in soot and ashes,

that bring to light costly table service, decorations and jewelry. He may lay aside a specimen as coming from across the sea, from the then far away British Isles or from farther Egypt. Although he makes many mistakes, he is in the main correct. The whole world brings its products, be they raiment, food, or some of the accessories, to our market, and we demand them for ordinary household use.

I was reminded of this luxury the other evening on sitting down to dine with a friend. The table, an old-fashioned mahogany, the wood of which had grown on the Island of San Domingo, was spread with cloth and napkins manufactured in France. An old delf jar and a Bohemian glass vase, both filled with flowers, adorned the board. The vermicelli in the soup was contributed by Italy, the pepper by the Indies, and the salt by Germany or Minnesota. Coffee, the darkest of Porto Rico bean, was served in delicate Dresden cups. There was fruit from California, raisins from Malaga, dates from the golden sands of Arabia, nuts from Brazil, and the wines of Bordeaux and the Rhine.

Four continents had contributed and only wanted their representatives in the dress of the land to complete the display. I almost expected to see an Ethiopian in bright silks emerge from behind the scene bearing fresh figs on a palm leaf salva, but it was only Pompey in an old dress coat, who remarked as he presented a dish of russet oranges, "Dese yeah growed on de ole tree down by de bars, massah ——"

G. F. D., JR.

—Arrowhead hunting has a distinguishing charm of its own. It requires no elaborate paraphernalia ; and the trophies of the chase, if less exciting to capture, at any rate last longer than bear's claws or even tiger-skins. Possibly the weather is the prime factor that goes to make up its attractiveness, for the hunting time is synchronous with the pleasantest months of the year. There are, in fact, two seasons : early in spring when the frost first cracks open, and in late fall up to the time of the first snow. Of the two, Autumn is perhaps preferable, as then the frosty snap of young winter makes walking most thoroughly enjoyable. Rambling over some old plowed field, you come across your prey lying in a dried-up furrow, or buried in red earth with just the point sticking out to indicate

its whereabouts. As you pick it up and carefully scrape off the dirt, what a host of fancies it calls up. Fences, orchards, distant roofs, and all the evidences of civilization vanish. Around you stretches the unbroken pine forest from whose depths sounds now and again the bark of a fox or perhaps the distant cry of a cougar. Overhead lies the same deep sky with its high rolling clouds, but high up an eagle is soaring in wide circles, and yonder thin line of smoke rises, not from a brick chimney, but from the small opening at the top of a rude wigwam. A frightened deer goes bounding through the underbrush, an arrow ill aimed comes whistling through the air and falls spent to the ground, to lie there with its rotted shaft for centuries.

H. L. E.

—How much would not any of us give for a really new, fresh thought? Our minds are so tiresomely monotonous. We often hear complaints that our lives are monotonous, but this, in a measure, is to be expected of the outward life of every man who has a regular occupation. There is an element of unvarying routine in every walk in life, except possibly a highwayman's. But our minds partake to a discouraging degree of this monotony. We do the same things every day, and think the same thoughts along with them. We have the same thoughts, with a little difference every morning and evening and every intermediate hour. A man sits down at the same hour at which he sat down yesterday, at the same desk, takes up the same pen, and straightway the thoughts of yesterday fill his mind. Our minds do not seem to be renewed or to grow any from day to day. It is tedious and disheartening, and we can sympathize strongly with the pathetic complaint of the old man who was "so tired of taking off his shoes at night and putting them on in the morning." To take off and put on the same mental panoply every day is very tiresome.

We wonder, too, whether our friends do not grow as tired of our minds as we do ourselves, and we think that if they did, they would certainly soon leave off being friends to us. But because, by a merciful provision of providence, our friends can not know our minds as well as we do, they do not grow tired of them.

But, for the sake of our own comfort, who shall show us anything new? Where may we be provided, once in a while, with new mental equipments, to satisfy ourselves at least, perhaps to astonish the world withal? There must be some place and somebody to do this. "There is nothing new under the sun" is too pessimistic to be entirely true. It cannot be all thrice-threshed straw.

Being in such an unsatisfactory mood, I gave up work, and walked out on the ridge toward the north. The sun was just about to set. It was the same sun, in the same sky, and it dropped out of sight behind the same line of hills, touching their tops with gold, and leaving the western sky all afire behind it, just as I had often seen it, and as it has done every day since it was created. There was a little difference in the clouds about the sun, but not a great deal. You could not say there was anything new about it at all, yet somehow it did not seem old. There was something inspiring and refreshing to the mind in looking at the sunset, familiar sight though it was. Here, at least, was something which, though old as the oldest, was yet always new. It seemed as if it might be quite possible to think something new, after all.—For Nature is never monotonous or tiresome to those who know and love her, however much so their own minds may be. In her, though she may seem much the same to the careless eye, is endless variety, a refuge for man, tired of turning over and over his worn out, wearisome thoughts.

R. H. N.

—There is a little village not far from Rome that lies by the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea—Porto d'Anzio by name—a curious old place full of ruins, the memories of a brighter past. A cliff from the main land runs into the sea and forms a promontory, on the top of which are several columns, half tumbled down, with here and there an inscription that can still be read.

It was on a bright summer's day that I was standing on this lonely spot, watching the fishermen's boats in the distance with their queer sails of many colors, and listening to the roar of the waves on the rocks below. Descending to the sea's level, I wandered as best I could among the rocks, till I came upon a succession of caves and the traces of an artificial harbor. These caves were cut into one another and at various

corners stone tables were hewn from the rock, all of which shewed that this must have been a market-place and general trade post for the people along the shore.

As I stood by the recess of this narrow cave beneath the cliff, so lonely and so wild, and watched the sea breaking upon the stones of this ruined harbor, I could picture to myself the busy bustle of its happier days. Here the primitive boats must have been drawn up, and there, throngs of Latin speaking people, buying and selling the necessities of life, while at the various stalls the merchants would be displaying their most tempting goods. Perhaps a little crowd might be seen anxiously discussing the latest edict, or some half-suppressed scandal, or any other talk of public interest. Yes, it was interesting to speculate on that busy life of the past, but now

“Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd !
Even cities have their graves !”

I afterwards found out that in early times this was a stronghold of the Latin race, and was called Antium. In the first Samnite war, after the great battle of Mt. Vesuvius, when the Romans gained a signal victory, the Latins and Samnites retired to their fortified posts. Town after town fell, and finally, after the capture of Antium, the Latins laid down their arms and surrendered to the Romans. I was gratified to learn this both for the sake of the spot which seemed to tell its own story, as well as for the ruins that truly bespoke their former greatness.

I. B. F.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Republican Campaign Club.

The Republican Campaign Club organized October 3, and elected the following officers: President, R. B. Wade, '93; Vice-President, J. J. Brooks, Jr., '93 S.; Secretary, C. R. Hickox, Jr., '93; Treasurer, J. Evans, '93 S.; Captain of Wm. Walter Phelps Battalion, N. H. Swayne, '93.

Democratic Campaign Club.

The Democratic Campaign Club organized October 4, and elected the following officers: President, W. R. Begg, '93; Vice-President, V. C. McCormick, '93 S.; Secretary, G. G. Martin, '93; Treasurer, J. H. Vought, '93 S.; Captain of Cleveland Guards, H. H. Ficken, '93.

Junior Promenade Committee.

The Committee was elected, October 5, as follows: Cochran (chairman,) Whitney (floor manager), L. Smith, Solley, Case, McMillan, Word, Potter, and Stillman.

Freshman Foot Ball Officers.

The officers are: President, Knapp, '96; Treasurer, Weyerhauser, '96.

Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament.

The finals were played October 7, and resulted as follows. Larned, of Cornell, beat Chace, of Brown, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5. Wrenn and Winslow, of Harvard, beat Shaw and Cravens, of Yale, 8-10, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

Sophomore German Committee.

The Committee is composed of the following men: Harrison (chairman), Sloane (floor manager), Debevoise, Wade, and Thomas.

The Fall Regatta.

In the finals of the annual fall races at Lake Whitney, '95 beat '94 by three lengths in 7 minutes and 4 seconds. The single sculling was won by C. G. Morris, '95.

Senior Class-Officers and Committees.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held October 19, the following men were elected: Poet, Gibbs; Orator, Welles; Class Secretary, W. E. Dwight; Historians, Wheeler, Mills, Ficken, Morgan, and Gatchel; Statistician, F. J. Brown, and Donnelly; Triennial Committee, Roby, Rathbone, and Taylor; Class Day Committee, Parsons, Begg, Hay, Wade, Field, and Chatfield; Ivy Committee, L. Allen, J. Moore, and Wadsworth; Cup Committee, Wade, Smith, and Swayne; Supper Committee, Beadleston, Bixby, Chisholm, Crouse, and C. Jones.

Fall Athletic Games.

The annual fall games were held at the Field October 27.

Foot Ball Scores for October.

| | | |
|------------------|------------|--------------------------|
| At the Field, | October 6, | Yale 6, Wesleyan 0. |
| At Eastern Park, | " 8, | Yale 28, Crescents 0. |
| At the Field, | " 12, | Yale 32, Williams 0. |
| At New York, | " 15, | Yale 22, M. A. C. 0. |
| At the Field, | " 19, | Yale 29, Amherst 0. |
| At Orange, | " 22, | Yale 58, Orange A. C. 0. |
| At Springfield, | " 26, | Yale 50, Y. M. C. A. 0. |
| At the Field, | " 29, | Yale 44, Tufts 0. |

BOOK NOTICES.

It is fully as important to cultivate the art of criticism as the art of composition; and criticism of course is applied far more to the writings of others than to our own. Our appreciations of authors give us more pleasure as well as profit if we can discover why they please, and how they are models of style and good judgment, or how they fail in these respects. So it is of great service if we can on the basis of acknowledged classics in every tongue and on that of theory finally establish a series of criteria—a norm to which every author who begs for admittance must conform, before he can be received into the illustrious company of those to whom we owe so much. It is in this way that we may profit by the present volume,* whose editor in his preface hopes "that the present compilation may do something to promote a sounder knowledge of poetic processes and theory, as much by incitement to independent thought as by the imposition of authoritative canons."

Nowadays it is hardly necessary to remind people that when men treat of poetry, they are not to be restricted to verse. Poetry is more comprehensive; it has been defined as "imaginative composition, whether expressed rhythmically or in prose." When these works were first published more than now there was a greater proportion of poetical works in verse than were written in prose, so it is natural that metrical composition is uppermost in the minds of the authors as they lay down their principles, which we extend to more varieties of writing.

From these treatises it appears evident that a great number of those who would write would go to work, as we look at it, in a decidedly mechanical way, that there was confessedly a common stock-in-trade, a sort of public well from which all could and would draw subject, plot and illustration. It is with this in view that much of the advice, which we read here, is given.

Let us now glance for a moment at Horace, Vida and Boileau, who, although they wrote at such different times, have very much in common.

Horace was born in 65 B.C. He thus is a representative of the Golden Age of Latin literature and as such worthy of our attention. His work is shorter than those of Vida and Boileau: it is addressed in the form of an epistle to Lucius Piso and his two sons. Critics agree that Horace does not draw from Aristotle directly, but uses less noted writers of a later period: this, however, only in part. The most of Horace's work is based upon his own thoughts and observations.

Vida is synonymous with the latter days of the Renaissance in Italy, and the pontificate of Leo X. He writes in Latin and looks up to Virgil as the model of style in verse as Cicero was in prose. He owes some little of his work to Aristotle but more to Quintilian and other Latin authors. The

* *The Art of Poetry*, the Poetical Treatises of Horace, Vida, and Boileau, with the Translations by Howes, Pitt, and Soame. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Albert S. Cook, Professor in Yale University. Ginn & Co. 1892.

three books of his treatise fairly bristle with quotations and allusions got from Greek and Roman writers.

Italy, ancient and modern, has been represented. Now France presents Boileau, who, unlike Vida, uses the language of his country. He comes nearly a century and a half after Vida, in the reign of Louis XIV, and is the champion of Corneille, Racine and Molière. Much of his inspiration is due to Horace directly, but he draws his examples mainly from French literature.

Perhaps for us the greatest service of these essays on the art of poetry is in the historical line as showing us the tendency of thought and the trend of criticism at these three several periods of literary development. We see in Vida and Boileau the continuity of the Roman classical spirit. More specifically we note in Vida the almost religious veneration of the Middle Ages for Virgil, which is so conspicuously presented to our view by Dante.

In the Illustrative Comments which preface this volume, Prof. Cook has brought together a number of excerpts from various critics relative to the subjects of the compilation or their particular works here placed side by side. This is in many ways much more suggestive than an editor's long introduction could possibly be, and it is a precedent which may profitably be followed in future works of the kind. Of course the largest part of the labor in a volume like this is in the notes. Here careful, conscientious, sympathetic work is apparent. Interesting comparisons are offered by selections from Aristotle, from Byron's *Hints from Horace* and from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

In addition there are many references illustrative of allusions made in the text as well as explanatory notes and questions to stimulate investigation. There is a large number of carefully selected passages of import parallel to the text from both ancient and modern authors; and besides these we find brief paraphrases and condensations of the argument. The book concludes with an index which adds, as it always does, to its permanent value.

T. W. H.

There are symptoms of a classical revival just at present. Pope and Dryden and their followers after having been roughly treated and put in the background by the Romanticists are again claiming a body of admirers, and one of the latest of the signs of this movement of reaction is the revival of interest in the criticisms and critical methods of that period. The critical work of Addison is perhaps the best of his time, but has suffered neglect in common with all the inferior work which surrounded it. In this volume* Professor Cook has collected all that Addison wrote in the *Spectator* in the way of criticism of Milton's Poem and added a large number of notes. One chief feature of the work is the minutest accuracy with which the references, etc. are always given. Even the pages of Addison's text have the lines numbered for the sake of reference, which is unsightly and gives the book the appearance of some Latin school-text. It is always unpleasant to read anything which is marked in this way, and it is especially hard to disfigure an English author by such an unnecessary system.

* *Addison's Criticisms on Paradise Lost*. Edited with introduction and notes by Albert S. Cook, Professor in Yale University. Published by Ginn & Company. Boston, 1892.

The long introduction to the volume is a reply to Matthew Arnold's attack on Addison's criticism of Milton in his essay on a French critic of Milton. An attempt is made to prove the falsity of Arnold's statement that Addison's critical method is conventional; and Professor Cook's defence ends with the words: "Who has written more effectively upon Milton than Addison, or, in the main, more truly? What more satisfactory piece of criticism upon *Paradise Lost* is there in existence to-day? Is it Arnold's? Is it Edmond Schérer's?" But the notes are valuable and full of most interesting literary parallels. The only hindrance to their interest is that lack of space has of necessity limited most of them to mere numerical references. A very carefully prepared index of proper names is added, making the volume very complete. As the editor says in his preface the work was undertaken with the hope of doing something to rehabilitate Addison in the status of a critic worthy of respectful consideration, and to facilitate and deepen the study of *Paradise Lost*. And this has certainly been accomplished.

That mysterious hero of English folk-lore—Robin Hood—has for five centuries been enveloped in a cloud of delightful romance. And now comes Mr. Muddock with a novel called *Maid Marian and Robin Hood** and the cloud is blown away so completely that the unhappy Hood stands out in the open with less poetical clothing than he had in real life. No doubt, had we ourselves peered too sharply through the mist of idealism which has given such charm to this character, that fascinating vagueness of the romance would have been just as effectually dispelled; but such inquisitiveness would be as contemptible as an attempt to disprove the existence of Mother Goose.

In his effort to reach realism Mr. Muddock has woven into his story some startling anachronisms with foot-notes to apologize for those which need it least. The fleshy and unorthodox Friar Tuck quoting Virgil presents an unintentionally ludicrous spectacle; when he would be gay he is most sad, and his wit is wofully mechanical at its best. The other outlaws have been reduced to such want that they have to pass one individuality around and make it do for the whole crowd. Naturally toward the end of the book it is pretty well worn out. Thackeray did not make his characters; they made themselves. It is for this reason that they are so consistently inconsistent and that they never fall to the dead level of mediocrity. If Robin Hood was sometimes sad, or if Maid Marian became petulant and on that account deserted her husband, we know it only because the author, in so many words, tells us so.

"Some books," says Francis Bacon, "should be chewed and digested." If one is at all fastidious about his diet the first process alone will suffice for what Mr. Muddock has been pleased to call "A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest."

Yet, with all its decrepit grammar and lack of unity the story possesses an interest which cannot reasonably be denied it. There is much that is pathetic in the way the author brings out the poetry of Robin's fidelity to

* *Maid Marian and Robin Hood. A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest.* By J. E. Muddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

Marian and of his untimely and treacherous death. It is not a book to be admired by one who is keenly critical or who is ready to take up arms in the cause of the ideal. But after all the critic is a constitutional fault-finder, and those who read for amusement may think the barrel contains considerably more sugar than sand.

R. T. H.

There is no one, however much he may object to the philosophy and the ethics of Thoreau, who cannot read with certain interest and some satisfaction the writings of the great naturalist. It is a pleasure to view the landscape through his eyes, to see the marvelous details in the works of the Creator through the clear lenses of Thoreau's vision, and to catch at times his thought, suggested perhaps by no more than a falling leaf, but as striking as the brilliant tints of the autumn leaf itself. To Thoreau nature was a poem which never ended and never lost its harmony of rhythm and thought. He said, "how much is written about nature as somebody has portrayed her, how little about nature as she is and chiefly concerns us, i. e. how much prose, how little poetry." But Thoreau does not appeal to the day-dreamer alone, he has been said to "hold sway over two domains; he has the adherence of the lovers of fact and of the children of poetry."

In *Autumn*,* which is composed of selections taken from Thoreau's journal; the reader not only looks into the *penetralia* of nature, but also gets more than a passing glimpse of the life of the author. Like all his writings, *Autumn* is stamped with his own personality, the pages are more than sheets from his diary, they are days from his life. Through the nature of its contents, being descriptions of the same days in different years, it is a book to be read in snatches. If the reader does otherwise, he may take too long a tramp for one stretch with Thoreau, who at his best can scarcely be called a boon companion. One can possess but little personal magnetism who uttered such a strange sentiment as this: "I do not know if I am singular when I say that I believe there is no man with whom I can associate, who will not, comparatively speaking, spoil my afternoon. That society or encounter may at last yield fruit which I am not aware of, but I cannot help suspecting that I should have spent those hours more profitably alone." He might at least have excepted his friend Emerson from this sweeping disapprovement. Thoreau's communion with nature divorced himself from the study of mankind, and therefore it is as a naturalist that he has done most for the world, and not as a propounder of ethics. As a naturalist he never wandered from the realm of truth, but as a philosopher he often went astray.

There are few among us who—even if we were not born in the country or do not live in the country—are not lovers of the country. For such the beauty of the fall sunsets, the varied tints of the autumn leaves, the fragrance of the woods and fields, the very zest of the November air are bound together within the covers of *Autumn*. But more than these, there is Thoreau himself, who "though his wants were few enjoyed the wealth of the world," and willingly shares his wealth with us.

* *Autumn*: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

There is one thing for which the student of this century ought to be profoundly thankful, and that is the fact that so many entertaining, scholarly and valuable histories have lately been written. Men like Freeman, Green, Milman, Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, Motley, and almost scores of others of great talent have re-established the reading of history, and have done an incalculable amount of good. The book* we have before us is one of the very best of its kind that we have seen. Dealing as it does with that curious period of the French nation, it is of course interesting, and the manner of handling the subject renders the work of the highest value—especially in view of the most modern methods in treating of history.

Mr. Lowell enters into the causes and condition of things which preceded the French Revolution. This is a period which, as he remarks, is frequently overlooked by the historian, and his book exactly fills the want. His discussions and explanations of the various currents of French thought, and his delineations of the philosophy and political writings of the time are extremely useful to the student of the modern history of Europe. And chapters upon such subjects as The Clergy, The Nobility, The Church and Her Adversaries, Paris, Taxation, Finance, The Country, The Provincial Towns, Montesquieu, Rousseau's Political Writings, are highly interesting, and give one a clear picture of those old days of "sunny France." It seems to us that not enough is said about the great Mirabeau, and that the author is a little too hard in some places upon Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Rousseau was a poet of unusually high poetic instincts, which deeply colored all his life, and by these we must judge him to a great extent, and on account of these we must pardon his failings. His confessions may be "evil and repugnant volumes," but they are certainly rare poetic prose. Their beautiful description, their pure French, and their air of confidence in the reader, give them a high position in French literature.

A happy combination of history with the rather marvelous doings of a mythical youth from Boston has been reached by Mr. Bynner in his *Zachary Phips*.† This lad, a singularly bright and pugnacious ragamuffin of old "Boston town," defies the testy schoolmaster and his overbearing stepmother, and runs away to sea. Here his faculty of "lighting on his feet" first shows itself, for he falls in with a rough, good-natured sailor, who in his subsequent wanderings gives him more than a father's care and skillfully trains him in the harsh school of the world into which he is thrown. They join Aaron Burr's Utopian expedition and witness the ruin of the unfortunate Blennerhassett; chance throws in the boy's way the beginnings of an education and his manner of grasping the scanty opportunities offered him shows the stuff of which he is made. From this time his rise in the social scale is rapid and the reader is scarcely surprised at following him through the fire and smoke and glory of the naval combats of 1812, the shameful events of the Seminole War and the gay life of a secretary of legation at the

* *The Eve of the French Revolution.* By Edward J. Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

† *Zachary Phips.* By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Court of St. James, where a fortunate and happy marriage secures the future of the youthful hero. His character shows the advantages of honest effort, dogged perseverance and a certain animal fierceness and intensity of purpose which more men should possess; while the historical side of the story is introduced in an instructive as well as entertaining way. It is a book of more merit than pretension, and well worth the notice of all who are interested in the period of which it treats.

Among the new text-books published by the American Book Company are a *High School Algebra** and a *Standard Arithmetic*,† both by Dr. Wm. J. Milne, President of the New York State Normal College at Albany. These works are prepared to meet the demands of our High Schools and Academies, and the author, who has had a wide experience himself in learning what these demands are, is successful in having produced two books, whose chief advantage over others on these subjects is more modern simplification and arrangement.

Six Books of the Æneid of Vergil‡ contains not only the Latin text but also very full notes, a map of the Old World showing the wanderings of Æneas, excellent illustrations, many of them being from photographs of famous works of art, and a vocabulary, besides all necessary grammatical references. The object of this text-book is "to present the facts in the Latinity of the author in as suggestive and accessible a form as possible, and to afford stimulus and material for the study of the poet from a literary point of view." While the student finds his grammar, notes, and lexicon all in this one volume, such full references to other works are given, and such stimulating quotations from Latin and English poets are included as throwing a literary light upon the text, that there is little danger of the student's acquiring a narrow or inadequate knowledge of Vergil. If the instructor does his part, this book will do the rest. Objections may be found by the instructors, but not of course by the students, that the notes are placed at the bottom of each page, and that therefore the book is not perfectly adapted to class-room use. However, *Six Books of the Æneid* is a stimulating and suggestive book for the student of Vergil. Dr. William R. Harper's name upon the title page is sufficient assurance of the thoroughness of the work. We recommend this book particularly for having brought into proper prominence the literary beauties of the Latin classic, too often, it must be confessed, buried under the *hic haec hoc*s of the Latin grammar.

* *High School Algebra*, embracing a complete course for High Schools and Academies, and being "Milne's Inductive Algebra" revised and enlarged. By Wm. J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co. Price, \$1.00.

† *Standard Arithmetic*, embracing a complete course for Schools and Academies. By Wm. J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co. Price, \$0.65.

‡ *Six Books of the Æneid of Vergil*. By Wm. R. Harper, Ph.D., President of the University of Chicago, and F. J. Miller, Ph.D., instructor in Latin in the University of Chicago. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Co. Price, \$1.25.

Other new books of the American Book Company are the *Schoolmaster in Literature*, containing selections from the writings of Ascham, Molière, Fuller, Rousseau, Cowper, Goethe, Brontë, Hughes, Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, George Eliot, Eggleston and others, with an introduction by Edward Eggleston, price \$1.40; and a *Table Book and Test Problems in Mathematics*, by J. K. Ellwood, A.M., Principal of the Colfax School, Pittsburg, Penn. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : American Book Co. Price \$1.00.

*A Course on Zoology** has the advantage of being an English version of a French text book. In France particularly of all countries a high place is accorded to the natural and physical sciences. The illustrations are profuse; many of the cuts are taken by permission from the new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia, and are therefore all that could be desired. This book is of convenient size, and well adapted to the needs of our secondary schools.

**Zoology*, designed for secondary education by C. De Montmahon, Inspector-General of Primary Education, Paris, and H. Beauregard, Assistant Naturalist in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. Translated and adopted for American schools by William H. Greene, M.D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price 75 cents.

RECEIVED.

A Daughter's Heart. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "In a Grass Country," "A Lost Wife," "Jack's Secret," etc. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price 50 cents.

The Adopted Daughter. By Edgar Fawcett, author of "A New York Family," "Women Must Weep," etc. Chicago and New York : F. T. Neely, Pub.

Hypnotism. By Jules Claretie. Chicago and New York : F. T. Neely, Pub.

A Sister's Sin. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

TO BE REVIEWED.

David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories of Colonial Times. By Jane G. Austin, author of "Standish of Standish," "Betty Alden," etc. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

Tales of a Garrison Town. By Arthur W. Eaton and Craven L. Betts. New York and St. Paul : D. D. Merrill Co. Price, \$1.25.

Winterborough. By Eliza Orne White, author of "Miss Brooks." Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

By Subtile Fragrance Held. By Mary F. Stevens. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.00.

Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities. By Wm. S. Walsh, author of "Faust: the Poem and the Legend," "Paradoxes of a Philistine," etc. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$3.50.

Barbara Dering, a sequel to "The Quick or the Dead." By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the midst of the smoke and stir of a great election it is curious to turn over a file of newspapers of the last campaign. You read with an odd feeling of wonder the daily accounts which are so utterly out of date. Passion and excitement seem so very dull when the dust raised by present commotion settles down and covers every line of them. The applause and the laughter of four years since is not arousing, and is scarcely audible now. Even in four years' time many of the figures that decorated the stage have been pulled down and others, freshly gilded, now occupy their niches; the scenery is patched and repainted wherever it cannot be shifted; and only the old stage remains the same. There is a new look about it all, new names appear on brand new show bills; the older characters are disappearing. It is averred, indeed, that it is the individuals only that pass away; but the whole scene suggests some dubious speculation as to the short endurance of species. Does not progress leave whole species behind? Is it always the fittest that survives?

Colonel Newcome lifts his glass to by-gone gentlemen of the old school and rambles on about the virtues of times past; and is it all a golden impossibility? Surely it is not merely a glorified picture he sees reflected in his wine, no more tangible than its sparkle or the music of the glasses. We do miss sadly, with the Colonel, many of the figures which have stepped off the stage to the tune of the March of Progress. Some of the most melodious notes of life have been drowned by the triumphant strains of the march aforesaid. How many odd and wholly charming personages have left the stage forever; sorts and conditions of men no longer known to the Prayer Book. Their places are not filled, for Progress may search in vain for their substitutes. They are unique existences. In certain moods they pass before us in the semblance of a brilliant old pageant of quaint costumes and strange colors. On they pass, an army of them, marshalled in no chronological rank and file. We see among them the dreamy face of the wandering minstrel, the merry eye of the monk under his sable cowl, the bright armor of the knight errant, the court jester in his gilded bells and motley, the 'fool in the forest,' the courteous mien of the 'good old courtier of the king,' fierce old sea captains and a host of others. They seem, perhaps because so out of place in our present thoughts, more individual than modern figures. But they are lost types. They have left no real descendants. Evolution may run wild in the attempt to prove blood relationship between the minstrel and the organ grinder, or the knight errant and the tramp. Modern sages and poets have sought to gain the shrewd and deep smile of the jester and his wisdom which put to shame that of statesmen. But they are still lost virtues.

It is sometimes hard to realize that these figures were real men and women of flesh and blood who married and worked and went their ways much as we do now. There is an element of sentiment about them we find hard now to associate with reality; it is a thread not woven into our modern fabric.

Hard practical men have done away with it because, forsooth, it seems to them unpractical. Sentiment is old fashioned. It is dubbed affectation, despised and rejected of scholars as well as men in the dust and heat of life, it is called by all hard names, and is practically omitted from the modern ideal. And yet it is precisely this that make our lives worth living, and that has made the greatness of all grand souls. It was in the atmosphere of the middle ages; and the beauty of the life of that time is invisible, like the magic picture of St. Jerome, to the man who brings no sentiment with him. To a man of this sort, the organ grinder and the minstrel, the jester in his motley and the circus clown, may well seem one and the same thing. It delights him that these obsolete and out-worn personages are passed away.

But it is the Poets who see the real worth of these picturesque figures. They give us glimpses of old time life, as of some fair and unattainable country; as unreal, it may seem, as Spenser's Realm of Faery, and yet only on the other side of a century or two. And it is but fair that we see willingly only the good side of these many characters now lost. For both their faults and their virtues have passed away, and they are like the quaint figures in old tapestries that are rustled by the wind. But their loss is really great. And, while it is but just that as each of these types has passed away, its funeral eulogy should have been sung by the great poets and writers of the world, like Cervantes, yet their immortality is above and beyond the conservative force of print.

With one or two exceptions the exchanges publish fairly poor October numbers. A new periodical, announced last spring, is the *Wellesley Magazine* which has a rather formidable article on a good subject,—the Reflective Poetry of the Victorian Age and the Didactic Verse of the eighteenth century. The stories are better than the rest of the prose in all the monthlies—the best being one in the *Dartmouth Lit.*; and the poetry is not even up to the college average. The *Harvard Advocate*—the most successful college bi-weekly—sends an unusually good number.

ASPIRATION.

A note to thrill the world : a mortal crowned
 With myrtles, never fading, never curled
 By winter's blast, had heart of man but found
 A note to thrill the world !

We live as in a darksome valley, bound
 With high horizonings, where clouds lie furled,
 And have no thought beyond our hawk or hound.

A note to thrill the world were 't mine to sound,
 A-down the aisles of time forever hurled,
 O, then 't were to have lived—to chant profound
 A note to thrill the world !

—*Harvard Advocate.*

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'Twas naught but a kiss;
Why take it amiss?
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'Twas naught but a kiss,
Why, alack, did I steal it?

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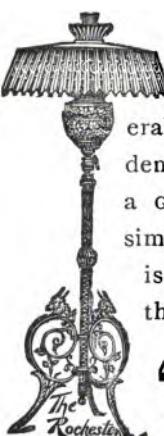
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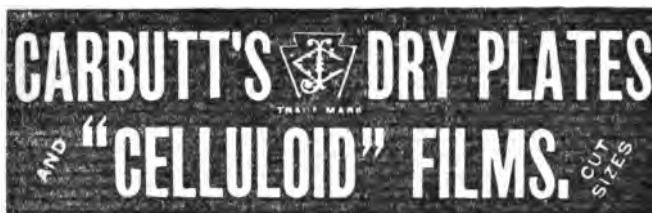


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